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ANNE RICE'S
THE MUMMY

or Ramses the Damned



THE MUMMY

Or Ramses the Damned

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FROM THE NOVEL BY:
Anne Rice

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Mark Menendez

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*Special Thanks to:
Deirdre DeLay*

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A COSMIC HORROR, DORMANT FOR CENTURIES,
IS ABOUT TO WAKEN . . .

GOD HELP US ALL !



Based on the characters created by
legendary horror writer

H.P. LOVECRAFT

Anne Rice's "The Mummy or Ramses the Damned", Book Twelve, February 1992. Published monthly by
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Suggested For
MATURE READERS

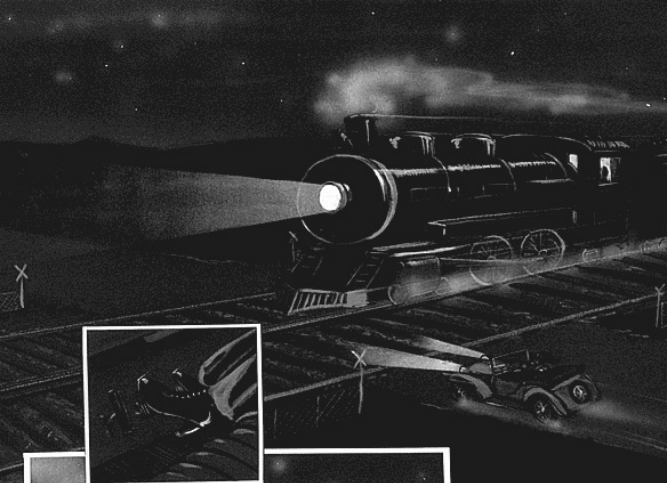
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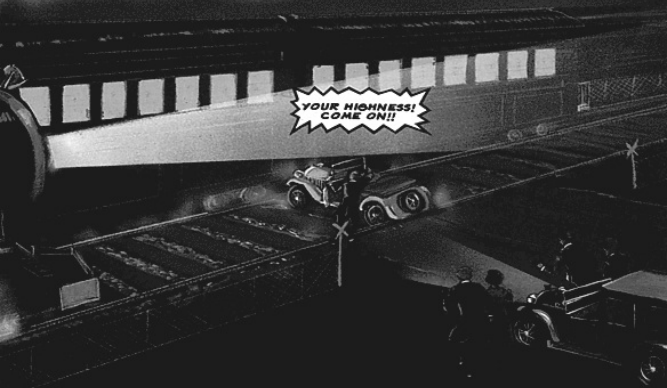


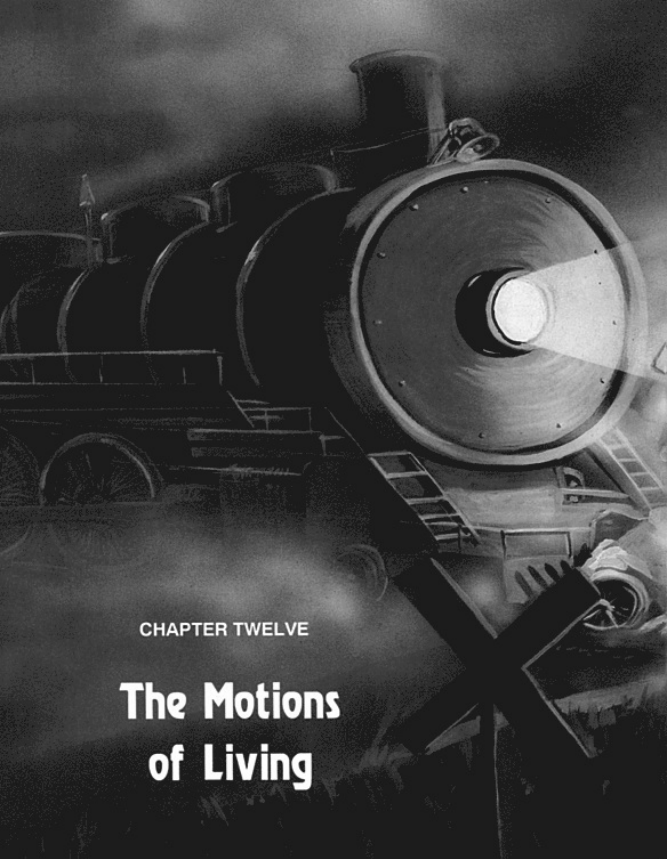
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IT'S A
TRAIN! THE BRAKES,
YOUR HIGHNESS! THE
BRAKES!!







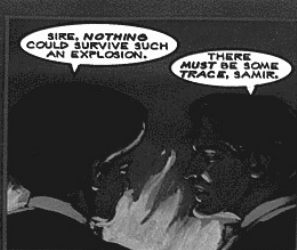


CHAPTER TWELVE

The Motions of Living









THEY ARE OLDER NOW,
THIS YOUNG MAN AND
YOUNG WOMAN.

THERE IS A FAINT GRAYNESS
IN JULIE'S EXPRESSION--WHEN
I LOOK INTO HER EYES, I SEE
NOT A COLDNESS, BUT A DEEP
AND UNHEALING HURT.

AND THERE IS A NUMBNESS
AND SULLEN QUIET TO ALEX
AS HE STANDS AT HER SIDE.



ALEX HAD LISTENED
RESENTFULLY TO THE
HALF-TRUTHS WE'D
GIVEN HIM...

...A WOMAN I HAD KNOWN...

...MAD, DANGEROUS...

THEN HE HAD WANTED
TO HEAR NO MORE.

THEY WON'T
KEEP ME HERE
MORE THAN A
FEW DAYS. I'LL
BE HOME A
WEEK AFTER
YOUR
ARRIVAL.

TAKE CARE
OF JULIE. IF YOU
TAKE CARE OF
JULIE ...

I KNOW,
FATHER. IT WILL
BE THE BEST THING
FOR ME.







WHERE
WILL YOU
GO?

DOES IT
MATTER?

WHAT HAVE
YOU LEARNED
FROM ALL THIS,
MY LORD?

IT WILL TAKE
TIME TO KNOW.

TIME,
PERHAPS, THAT
I DO NOT HAVE.

AFTER ALL YOU
HAVE SEEN, WOULD
YOU STILL ASK FOR
THE ELIXIR?

DOES IT
REALLY MATTER
NOW, RAMSES?

WE SHALL
MEET AGAIN,
MY LORD.



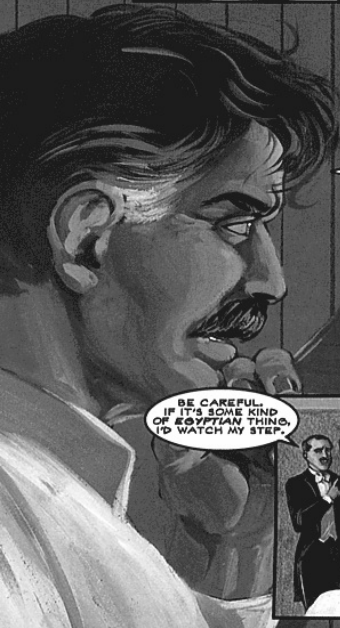


OH,
AND THE
EGYPTIAN
FELLOW'S
BEEN BY.

SAMIR?



HE BROUGHT
THIS BOTTLE OF
MEDICINE FROM
RAMSEY.



MEDICINE ...

BE CAREFUL.
IF IT'S SOME KIND
OF EGYPTIAN THING,
I'D WATCH MY STEP.

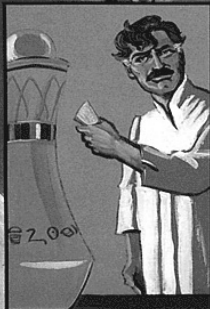


WOULD
YOU?





Todd Rutherford
It is now your decision.
May your philosophy
and your wisdom
sustain you. May you
choose the right path.







AS IF
ALL YOUR LIFE
YOU'VE THOUGHT
THAT PINK ROSES
WERE RED ROSES.



YES.
I KNOW.



AND THAT
TEPID WATER
WAS HOT.



YES.



DID
YOU SEE HOW
BEAUTIFUL
SHE WAS?

I KNEW
I WOULD LOSE HER...
SHE WASN'T *OF*
THIS WORLD, DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

DWELLING
ON IT WON'T
MAKE HER
COME BACK.

YES.



IT'S
POSSIBLE
TO FORGET,
ALEX.

YES.



THE FLASK BARELY
FITS IN MY POCKET.
IT MAKES A WEIGHT
AGAINST MY CHEST.



THE PAIN IN MY LEG
GROWS WORSE, BUT
I CONTINUE ON...



...I STOP WHEN I HAVE TO.
THEN, WHEN I'VE CAUGHT
MY BREATH, I MOVE ON.

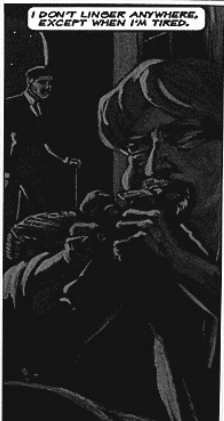


I WALK, AND WALK.
BY MIDNIGHT, MY
FOOT IS NUMB
AGAIN.

BUT IT DOESN'T
MATTER.



I DON'T LINGER ANYWHERE,
EXCEPT WHEN I'M TIRED.



AS TWO O'CLOCK
COMES, I'M STILL
WALKING.





I...AM COLD.
MY HANDS ARE
FREEZING...

BUT IT DOESN'T
MATTER...



I'M NOT HERE.
I AM HOME, IN
LONDON...

AND RAMSES STANDS
THERE, TEARING AWAY
THE LINEN WRAPPINGS.

THE BLUE EYES
LOOK AT ME, AT
ONCE FULL OF
LOVE ...

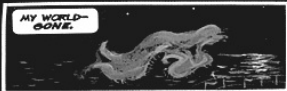
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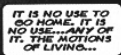
A black and white comic book panel. In the foreground, Ramses, a muscular man with a beard and a striped kilt, is shown from the waist up, tearing at his chest. He has a pained expression. To his right, a woman with dark, wavy hair is shown in profile, looking at him with a concerned expression. Her hand is near her face. The background is dark with several large, bright circles representing stars or moons. A balcony with a railing is visible in the upper left, where a figure in a cape is running away.



MY WORLD—
GONE.



IT IS NO USE TO
GO HOME. IT IS
NO USE...ANY OF
IT. THE MOTIONS
OF LIVING...



I OUGHT TO
BE DEAD NOW.



DEAD LIKE
MY FATHER.

...THE ADVENTURE
HAS ENDED.





THE MOTIONS
OF LIVING...



NO,
JULIE.

I CAN'T RESIST SLEEP
MUCH LONGER, BUT
STILL I WALK ...



THIS ONE HERE
IS NOT LIKE THE
OTHERS! HE WAS
A GREAT KING!



MUMMIES...

SIR, ALLOW
ME TO OFFER
YOU A GREAT
BARGAIN!



SEE?
COME HAVE
A GOOD LOOK
AT HIM!



HENRY!!





THE BODY
OF A KING,
I TELL YOU!

HENRY UNDER THAT GAUZE!
HENRY - LOCKED IN THE
FILTHY BANDAGES FOREVER!

COME NOW,
SIR. DON'T TURN
YOUR BACK UPON
THE MYSTERIES
OF EGYPT!

THIS IS
THE LAND
OF MAGIC!

IS IT
IS IT
INDEED?





RAMSES...
I'M AFRAID,
AGAIN.

BUT I SEE
THE TOUCH OF
FEAR IN YOUR
EYES, TOO.

I'M ONLY
HUMAN.
MY LOVE,
ONLY A
MAN.

AND I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT WILL
HAPPEN ANY
MORE THAN
YOU DO.





A black and white comic panel showing two men running through a dense jungle. The man on the left is in a military uniform with a pith helmet and carries a rifle. The man on the right is in a suit and a wide-brimmed hat. They are both looking back over their shoulders with expressions of urgency and concern.

JUST
DREADFUL, SIR.
BURNED TO A
CRISP, SIR--

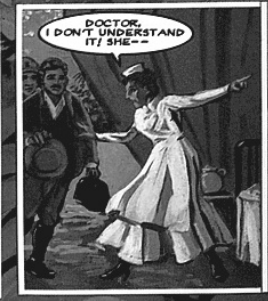
--AND
WEDGED DOWN
THERE UNDER
THE CRATES
AT THE VERY
BOTTOM OF
THE FREIGHT
CAR!

AND HERE
WE ARE, IN THE
BLOODY SUDAN,
WITH ONLY THE
CRUEST OF
HOSPITALS --



A black and white comic panel showing a dirt path leading through a jungle towards a small building with a cross on its roof. In the distance, two small figures are walking away on the path. A small car is parked on the right side of the path.

I DON'T
KNOW NOW
SHE CAN BE
ALIVE, SIR!



A black and white comic panel showing a doctor and a nurse in a room. The nurse, in a white uniform and cap, is pointing her finger at the doctor. The doctor, in a suit, holds a hat and a bag. The room has a chair and a table.

DOCTOR,
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
IT! SHE--





YOU GAVE
US QUITE A
SCARE. THEY
THOUGHT YOU
WERE
BURNED.

DID THEY?
IT WAS KIND OF
THEM TO HELP
ME.



I-I WAS
IN A CLOSE PLACE
WHERE I COULD
SCARCELY BREATHE.

I WAS IN...
THE DARK...



YOU MUST TELL
ME...YOUR FAMILY,
YOUR FRIENDS...
IS THERE SOME-
ONE I SHOULD
CONTACT?



I HAVE FRIENDS,
YES...AND APPOINTMENTS
TO KEEP AND ACCOUNTS
TO SETTLE.



BUT TELL
ME ABOUT **YOURSELF**,
DOCTOR. AND TELL ME
ABOUT THIS PLACE.

